

# HOT TOWN — PIGS IN THE STREETS ...



## BUT THE STREETS BELONG TO THE PEOPLE !

LIBERATION  
NEWS SERVICE

August 30th #101 NEW YORK CITY



## DIG IT ?

---

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE  
PAID AT NEW YORK, NY

August 30, 1968 ano de guerillero heroico  
Issue #101 (LNS #101)

Subscription: \$15.00/month-\$180.00/year

New Media Project, Inc.

160 Claremont Avenue, New York, New York 10027

Temporary mailing address: c/o Henks

200 Claremont Avenue, New York, New York 10027

---

Photos:

(1) to (5) by Miriam Bokser/LNS:

"(1) Cops laugh at woman photographer

(2) Monday night--pigs active

(3) On the barricades, Lincoln Park  
(Monday night, August 26, 12 P.M.)

(4) Nancy Kueshan and Jerry Rubin

(5) Marching through the city."

(6) Youths marching through another city:

Prague. Photo by Jim Mayer/LNS/RAT

(RAT retains exclusive publication  
rights on this photo in the New York  
metropolitan area.)

hello  
second-class  
mailing  
place  
people.

LOTS OF PHOTOS FROM PRAGUE IN THE NEXT PACKET! COMING VERY SOON! VERY SOON! VERY SOON!

## THE BIG STORY FROM THE STREETS OF CHICAGO

by Dan McCauslin

LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO, August 30 (LNS) -- The guard and the cops had really lost control. All week long the Chicago police had shown vicious ease in crowd dispersal, but they never really handled the crowd. They couldn't stop them from forming again, there were too many and they split too fast for mass arrests; gassing, beatings and shots just scared them for a while and made them madder.

Now the cops and the National Guard stood half a mile from the Hilton while acrid gray white wisps of their tear gas drifted along behind hundreds of students, blacks, greasers, radicals and hippies as they walked right up to the front door.

Naturally they freaked out.

The newsmen they had beaten for days picked up their cameras and twirled their shiny color lenses, and delegates and dowagers and demonstrators gasped scorching air through wet bandanas or shirt tails or coat sleeves and people bumped into each other and coughed and cried and puked. "For spacious skies..."

"Get out of here," and three hundred split for the Amphitheater, 15 miles to a barbed wire fence or two blocks to a jail. It's crazy but it sure puts them uptight when we try to get close. Run straight up the sirens. Blue cop lights spokes slap around. "Take away the ones I pick out. You, you, you, you. If somebody won't control her, I'm going to have to. All right send these north and these south as I send them out. Okay, okay...get out of here. Let's see you run. Ha!"

Delegates are throwing water glasses and toilet paper on the pigs as the lines charge chopping and kids rock a paddywagon full of cops with shotguns and run all over the Loop and get maced and gassed and Ribicoff yells, "Gestapo" on the floor and kids get clubbed and get crashed through the hotel bar window and Daley screams back and cops stream in and smash old ladies and the guard races back and forth from the South to the Loop and back in mile-long columns and doors get ripped off squad cars and a cop pulled out and beaten and Wisconsin wants the convention

adjourned and everybody grabs a corner of the Hilton and picks up slow and drops it....

Before last Sunday night the scene looked really bleak. There were few Movement people, few yippies, lots of cops and Chicago mass three story sprawl of resentment. The word from the local people was that the Blacks here weren't on our side. There isn't much long hair in Chicago, and the kids on the streets, black and white, supposedly resented what there was. Hunched shoulders and paranoid heads were the arrivals' uniforms.

Chicago Police Department to the rescue. Sunday night from nightmarish Lincoln Park they drove a splintered scared mob into the instantly exhilarating grace of a two mile dash toward the Loop. Along the route the hard-core of maybe two to three hundred marchers drew twice its number of blacks, night-clubbing McCarthy kids, and hard-assed street boppers.

The break into the streets Sunday came after a frenzied hour of shouted running debates in the park on how to deal with the busts expected at 11 00. As the bust approached, some Yippies and a few Chicago street kids shouted for recruits to battle the cops, while a mixed crowd of 5,000 spectators edged closer to the Clark Street escape route. SDS, MOB people and some of the more experienced long-hairs urged people to take to the streets. The result was the surge toward Old Town to the southwest led by local kids who looked like good Marine-recruit material, waving Vietcong flags.

But the cops were expecting it, and confronted the head of the column a block down the first street to the west. The vanguard doubled back and headed south. The cops pursued and cut off most of the marchers at the edge of the park. Sidewalk recruits joined all along the route through the near North side and passed the Rush Street clip joints. Cars caught in the rush honked in support and V signs flashed from windows.

The break onto Michigan Ave., Chicago's broad glittering main drag, was a real high. The marchers danced and cheered down the final three blocks to their first street skirmish at the draw-bridge over the Chicago River. Four busloads of cops had just pulled up and were

unloading across the river. The column feinted, fell back to cries of, "It's a trap," and charged again. So did the cops and that march was ended.

On the way back to the Park, a few people tried to take a scab bus (there is a transit strike in town). The driver got the doors shut in time, and before the crowd could call them back, some kids smashed most of the bus windows.

Back at the park the beatings had begun. Like the Pentagon, like Berkeley, like Columbia, and every ghetto in America, the cops got people in the dark and hurt them. The only difference in Chicago seems to be that the people know it's coming. There have been no sit-ins here and no passive resistance. Crowds wait till the last minute, then split. Unless people are caught alone, they don't get beaten too badly. The cops have nothing to do with this, they just don't have time to do their usual thorough job.

The cops also seem to be very scared. Chicago demonstration veterans think this is because they have had comparatively little experience with student demonstrations. Most of their crowd-control work has been done in the ghettos under the constant fear of snipers' bullets. Their only major contact with a peacenik-type crowd was last April at Chicago's Civic Center, and the cops' onslaught there was brutal. Their over-reaction at almost every confrontation has moved the crowds here to retaliations only dreamt of by New York radicals.

The cops have also made it almost a policy to attack newsmen with ferocity and frequency. The straight press here is full of detailed lists every morning of how many reporters and cameramen were roughed up the night before. They also find the space to note in a paragraph or two that a hundred "hippie-Yippies" were hurt.

\*\*\*

So the stage gets set for the Democratic freaking out of the entire U. S. of A.

Monday night the word was march again. It had been so easy Sunday that few even wanted to wait around in the dark park till the Man forced them to the streets. It also seemed that splitting early would catch the police by surprise.

The first contingent left the park down Wells around 8:30 PM. Three hundred people headed south with Sunday's banners and slogans. The excitement was subdued this time. Spontaneity was replaced by some pre-planning and a sense of cunning. It wasn't going to be so easy this time, so the talk was, "If the cops split us, everybody regroup in small units and keep heading south." This time there was a target--the Sherman Hotel across from the civic center and Picasso's huge rusty put-on.

This march was only 20 minutes out of the park when a second and larger one followed. It was led by SDS people who split from their movement center in the middle of a Newsreel flick on last April's Chicago Peace Massacre. It was prophetic.

Nearly a thousand followed them to the southwest toward a black neighborhood that had been the scene of sniping against the cops twice before this spring and summer.

While they were snaking toward the west, the first march was being busted by cops who shooting into the air. This sent all but the most experienced scurrying back toward the park. Many blacks, barely in their teens, continued south only to be met by more cops and Guard troops at the bridges.

The second column was soon split by cops who chopped it in half at an intersection. The head raced south and was a block from the ghetto when it too was smashed. Cop cars just screamed into the crowd from front and back. People ran for the sidewalks and the cops jumped out and charged with nightsticks flailing. Few arrests were made. Once the initial terror tactics had split the crowd, individual cop cars kept harrassing smaller groups continuing south. Only couples or individuals on side-streets were fairly safe from the squeal of police brakes and more swinging nightsticks.

Walking through this ghetto was a victory in itself. V signs were flashed by blacks from windows, porches, bars. This was the first evidence of error in the pre-convention line that Chicago blacks, especially in this neighborhood near plastic

Old Town, would hassle long-haired outsiders. But my enemy's enemy is my friend.

Only 30 or so people out of the 1500 who started ever made it downtown and they stayed only long enough to cool their feet in the Civic Center reflecting pool before heading back.

Back on the near North side, deep in Lincoln Park, almost to the Outer Drive along Lake Michigan, the first big mass confrontation was shaping up.

The marchers had trickled back into the park, and in frustration, they built a long curving barricade of overturned trashcans and picnic tables. Near the center of this flimsy skirmish line was a pair of North Side Chicago kids waving NLF flags.

The crowd chanted and beat on overturned trash drums and the faces in the front ranks were eerily underlit by a few fires. The sight was absurd but awesome.

Faced by clubs and gunfire in the street, over 2000 kids had the guts to make another stand. It was futile, and just about everybody knew it, but they stayed anyway.

The cops gave three "first warnings" before sending a double line of cops along the length of the barricade, and a single squad car straight toward the crowd.

Bud Hayes of the Chicago Medical Committee for Human Rights gave LNS reporter Judy Coburn the following account of what happened then:

The car drove into the park and slipped up behind a group of marshalls on the crowd's side of the barricade. People began throwing rocks at the car, breaking windows. The cop clearly panicked, tried to put the car in reverse and hit the gas. He had missed reverse; he plunged forward, ramming a girl into the barricade, pinning her under the car. He put the car in reverse and sped backwards over the girl. In panic, he stopped, changed direction again, and drove back over the girl for the third time.

Bricks were thrown through the open car windows, hitting the cop. The second the car stopped, a 16 year-old kid threw himself under the car and pulled the girl out. No one knew, the next day, what had happened to her.

Then, before the cops made their sweeping attack from the east side of the park, there was a barrage of tear gas. Cops wearing gas masks began beating people on the edge of the crowd. Rev. Roy Reis, a seminary student, took a bottle from a kid who was about to hurl it at a cop. Immediately a cop standing right on top of the scene slammed Reis above the right eye with a rifle butt. Reis fell to the ground and the cop hit him again.

Hayes ran over. The tear gas was so thick that he couldn't treat Reis' injury. "They've killed him!" Hayes screamed. Hayes and a friend were busted and Reis was taken to a hospital. When the cops found out that Reis would live, they threatened Hayes and his friend that they just might end up in an alley somewhere.

Hayes was beaten with blackjacks. Reis is still hospitalized in serious condition.

Hayes said that Sunday and Monday nights between 180 and 190 people were treated in the medical station set up in the park and at local hospitals. Their figures do not include those who were hit or gassed but did not seek medical help.

In general, the medics have been treated as brutally as the demonstrators. According to Hayes, the cops were trying to destroy the medical station. Sunday night the police dismantled one station and beat up the medics.

Hayes' story is just one of many accounts of the horror related to us by volunteer medics.

Late Sunday night, witnesses saw  
~~cops slashing tires. 50 cars with~~

cops slashing tires. 39 cars with out of state plates or peace symbols sat on four ruined tires the next morning.

Gas canisters began popping. The crowd broke; ignoring the marshalls' cries to walk, they sprinted the quarter-mile to the streets. But the Google-eyes gas squad marched out of the darkness till lobbing gas canisters at the kids. Several hundred were trapped in a fenced-in parking lot a block away from the park and gassed again. Soon, in the side streets off the park, the first effective resistance to the cops began. Kids ducked into alleys and emerged with rocks or bottles to hurl at the windows of speeding cop cars.

Monday night the rock throwing was sporadic. By Tuesday, barrages would hit some cars. Wednesday night, small gangs would station themselves in twos and threes around an intersection and get most windows on every patrol car going by.

On Tuesday night we saw a cop car speed toward the park down Wells Street, through a ragged group of kids who had just been gassed from the park. As a shower of rocks and bottles hit, the top of the car seemed to explode into a shimmering fountain. The car swerved and screeched on down the street while the kids cheered and shook each other's hands.

Other groups weren't as lucky. Most cops confronted by a kid with a rock remembered Daley's shoot-to-kill dictum and let loose with revolver, carbine or shotgun.

David Weisman of Skokie told LNS he saw a cop lean out the window of his car and fire three shotgun blasts at running kids. "At first I thought they were firing up in the air. But then I looked back over my shoulder. They were aiming at me. I dove under a car and so did some others. I saw one guy: the back of his head was bloody, and he fell. They dragged him off.

\*\*\*

Tuesday was celebrity day. South of

Soldiers Field the Yippies feted Johnson with insults from Dellinger, Burroughs, Ochs, Ginsberg and Genet. Bobby Seale spoke in Lincoln Park. By nightfall, most people had ended up in Grant Park, singing hymns to the delegates in the Hilton. The hardy few at Lincoln Park were the object of a surprise saturation tear-gas bombing that sent lung-searing clouds rolling into adjoining neighborhoods. The Guard started its maneuvers by relieving the tired cops in front of the Hilton. It was tense for a while, but as delegates started drifting down, the Grant Park vigil got permission to spend the night. Tear gas would disturb the delegates' sleep.

Uptown it was bust as usual. Not as much crowd violence, but individuals and small groups were subject to vicious random attack.

More shooting at rock throwers and lots of busts for traffic offenses and other or other chickenshit. Only 50 people hurt, another 50 arrested, a few hundred gassed, a handful shot at, and the Guard called out -- a lull in the week.

Then came the Wednesday night fights, seen and universally deplored by all of good will and upright men. It began as an attenuated bad scene. Speeches by everybody and songs too.

The cops kept in practice with one rush into the crowd to protect a flag. Someone started up the pole to bring the flag to half-mast, and a skirmish line in powder blue came wading in. The cops broke one club over Renie Davis' head. A gas canister was lobbed into the crowd and thrown back. Still, the gas sickened scores near the bandstand and the smell of vomit hung over the rest of the rally.

A non-violent march to the Amphitheater was then planned by most at the rally. So everyone who didn't want to get arrested sitting down like the good 'ol days split for the Conrad Hilton.

There a crack LNS news team lied their way into the McCarthy headquarters on the 15th floor and got a tv-clear picture as the action shaped up: First, the Yippie-hippie-terrorists feinted toward the south and tried to scare the Illinois National Guard out of its position in front of and atop the Field Museum of Natural History. The Guard held firm and the march turned back north toward the line of bridges leading to the Loop.

The police, six-deep, moved across the line of march; for two hours it was an impasse. Only a few stragglers moved out of the march and walked around the line of police. As this number increased, the Guard was called to prevent anyone from crossing the three main bridges from the Loop to the Outer Drive. This also stopped rush-hour traffic, and it was obvious that the demonstrators would be busted soon.

Just as we got to the sidewalk sporting our liberated NBC hardhats, the clouds of gas began rolling toward the Loop right behind hundreds of coughing, sneezing, nauseous kids, who walked right up to the front door of the Hilton.

- 30 -

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LOOP THE LOOP

by HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

CHICAGO, Ill., August 28 (LNS)-- Early yesterday afternoon they busted Tom Hayden for the first time. The response of the people in the park to head downtown was overwhelming. We're not playin g personalities--everyone's an equal--but the Man is out to get Tom and as many times as he gets busted this week he's going to need our support.

Down in the Loop it was crowded and warm, but Commander Riordan and his boys were not having too much trouble keeping things together. The Mobilization marshals worked so hard to keep their demonstration going slow and on the sidewalk. That was too bad, because in a crowd like the one in the Loop yesterday afternoon, (especially during daylight) we can move

through the streets like we do at night, but they can't bust our heads because too many citizens will see, and they can't use tear gas and shotguns either.

The march was symbolic, to the police station. We don't need symbolic marches. They took Hayden; we should take the strets. Instead, we marched right past the jail yelling how much we hate the pigs while walking legally and safely on their sidewalks. Our words have to fit our actions, or they're just words.

Tom Hayden's second bust was a straight frame. Some cops saw him with a few other organizers down in the Loop, said "Let's get the mother-fucker!", jumped him, knocked him down, tried some kicks, but didn't hurt him too much. He's charged this time with aggravated assault, which means he's accused of spitting on a policeman.

We saw a lot of guns being fired last night, and a lot of tear gas. We want to thank those residents of Old Town and Lincoln Park communities who took people into their homes or showed them places to hide. Thanks also to the people who picked others of us up in their cars. As Berkeley and the Lower East Side have shown, these kinds of actions help young people relate to the community (rather than hurt relations as some like to tell us). It's a good sign that so many community people are helping us out.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: HANDWRITING ON THE WALL is the SDS wall newspaper, published in Chicago during Convention week. It was pasted clandestinely on walls and trees throughout the city.

## STAYING CLEAN EVEN AFTER GENE

by Mark Kramer

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, August 30 (LNS)--What's happened to the McCarthy kids? The pop Press, continuing its everlasting effort to feed us a clean America, painted these kids as the vibrant hope of legit politics. By Wednesday afternoon, we began wondering where they would go when they finally caught on the fact that there are no legitimate party politics in the U.S.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Clearasil-smelling McCarthy-types came down to gaze in Lincoln and Grant Park, and left by dusk. But by dusk on Wednesday, the lie was out. Shameless delegations had voted down the sham peace plank, and installed a police plank instead. McCarthy, in a press interview, had conceded his impending loss and McGovern, whose last minute swoop had skimmed off the prep schoolers from the McCarthy youth forces, had failed to provide Teddy with a mandate to run. Clear sailing for the Hump. Nothing doing indoors Wednesday night. The question was where would the McCarthy kids wander.

Some joined the crowds who controlled the streets and defended them with their blood against Daley's pigs. There may have been few in the streets Wednesday night who ever suffered the illusion that they were free. But if there were any, they were McCarthy kids, their illusions finally clubbed down by the Democratic Pig Machine. The same men who rigged the convention rigged the streets. I saw one girl learn the lesson hard. She was clubbed by a passing pig, and fell -- blond hair streaming red with blood, her McCarthy scarf fallen around her neck.

The cops got hard-ons but they couldn't fuck her, so twenty got on over to watch, while a sergeant and three little pigs, too fat to get at their own wives, prodded at her with boots, poked her with long, thin black clubs.

For the most part though, the McCarthy kids were not where trouble was. When the bank windows were breaking, when pigs were

getting their faces smashed with bricks, it was local Chicago street kids, kids who know the streets, and are learning the politics of the streets. The McCarthy crowd is still into social service. One group ran about hauling the injured back from the front lines, whenever they could beat the pigs to the carry-in. Another group, less intrepid, stayed in the Conrad Hilton and welcomed the injured when, by their own wit they found their own way to aid. They have not given up the illusion that it's good enough to share their own good fortune with those who come near them; too few own too much for that to be the way.

More typically, the McCarthy kids, although disillusioned, stayed out of the streets. Those who came to Chicago with the campaign were on the state political organizing level, too far into the forever hopeful liberal establishment to risk their suits and hairdos. But they are into wheeling and dealing. Forthright and intrepid as ever, they headed for the Drake Hotel Thursday morning to discuss forming a FOURTH party, still dragging their tails through a corrupt electoral system. Grim, and almost pleased at the clean reaction to a muddy Wednesday.

A need for martyrdom -- based perhaps on guilt, perhaps on innocence -- pushes this group onward. They're ingenious in their arguments. One explained, "I still have hope that electoral politics will have dominion for a while," and while he explained, he was rubbing the wound on his head pigs put there Wednesday when he strayed out of the Hilton.

A brace of college girls, hair short and white-blond, said, "We're not joining the hippies in the park, not when they wave those red flags and black flags and things. We're still pretty conservative within the McCarthy movement. We're not, what-do-you-call-it, bolting."

An architect in his forties, still wearing a Eugene button as he started on the Thursday march towards the amphitheater, said, "Unless McCarthy starts a fourth party, I've no one to vote for. I'm going to walk along with that march -- as a witness." When I told him he might get gassed and slugged, he answered, "As a witness I stand less of a chance than as



a demonstrator." I shrugged, and he left.

His companion stayed behind on the streets. He tried out a bit of fashionable cynicism: "I hope there's a fourth party. I know it's indulgence in self-destruction and masochism on our part, but Nixon will win anyway, so this country doesn't deserve any better." My mind bogged, and he went off to find a men's room. I know he's back in place; he's the idiot friend of a clot of eternal believers, for whom hope replaces reality, for whom hope is a protection of private advantage.

Equilibrium's restored. We may be as a nation inches left of where we started before the primary campaign. But for the most part, it's the same old shit from the liberals, no surprises. Some are even home in bed with the Hump.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE MEDIA MEN LEARN WHERE ITS AT

by Victoria Smith

LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO, Illinois, August 29 (LNS) -- Newsmen covering the Democratic National Convention here, may remember this week as the one during which they found out what repression is all about.

Reporters, photographers, and network cameramen had been warned by increasingly nervous authorities to stay off the streets during demonstrations.

Some of the tougher newsmen, who still believe there is a bill of rights, have suffered the consequences in the last few nights along with the masses in Chicago's streets and parks.

At this writing, at least 30 media-men have been beaten or maced by cops. And many cameras have been broken during the massive, mobile street action. Live television and radio coverage of events outside the amphitheater has been forbidden under threat of arrest.

And early Tuesday morning after several hours of bloody street activity, an ominous broadcast came over CBS television announcing that all newsmen were being sealed off from the Lincoln Park area where cops were closing

in around demonstrators.

The liberal press is, of course, outraged. The Chicago Sun-Times, a fairly liberal paper, whose reporters and photographers often clash with cops, has declared that police have gone a little too far this time. Domestic newsmen are not supposed to have to act like war correspondents or guerillas when covering events in their own home town. That's not in the rule book.

The pages of the Sun-Times have been full of subtle anti-cop reportage, accounts of beatings of newsmen and even some decent copy of what happened to demonstrators. Tuesday's Sun-Times devoted at least as much copy to police assaults on newsmen as it did to street actions even though some 200 demonstrators had to be treated Monday night by medics.

One account told of a reporter who asked a cop why he and other cops had removed their nametags and stars during the action. The Sun-Times said that the cop told the reporter, "Just wait until after dark, we'll get you."

The media was especially shocked and outraged Monday night. Police Supt. James B. Conlisk, Jr., when pressured, had ordered an investigation of earlier police clubbings of two Sun-Times men, so newsmen thought they would be safe that night. Instead the assaults were escalated.

Dan McCauslin, an LNS editor, described three of many incidents in which newsmen were put up against the wall. In one instance, a Newsweek reporter was singled out in a large crowd and beaten before any of the activists were touched.

One NBC cameraman filming the action was maced as he worked his camera. When the mace failed to deter him, the cops jumped on him, clubbing him and smashing his camera. The cameraman was hospitalized but, according to McCauslin, he thinks his film might still be good.

The cameras of several photographers were emptied of film. At least one photographer stood by passively as cops confiscated his film.

Movement people here are glad to see that the media is up against it with the rest of

them, although there is certainly no real feeling of solidarity with newsmen. They spent too much time and space bemoaning their own injuries, although televised coverage in particular became starkly and extensively realistic during the Grant Park slaughter Wednesday.

The usually dispassionate media seems to be showing some melting of its icy cool in the face of the bloodbath in the streets. For instance, Judy Coburn, an LNS reporter, said she was standing with a group of reporters who, when they saw people getting gassed, beaten, and hussled into paddy wagons, began shouting at the cops, "You can't do that, you bastards." The rabid police then turned on the newsmen with their clubs.

It appears that some of the political realities of the police state are getting to those dedicated professionals who are futilely demanding the freedom to do their job. Rank and file newsmen are really pissed. There has been talk about defying restrictions on television coverage and risking arrest. And not only are the cops making it tough for reporters and photographers in the street, but the Democratic National Convention Committee is limiting coverage within the amphitheater.

News management is up against it too and they're a little freaked. Official protests have been issued from national networks and local papers to no avail.

Somehow, even those who have played the Man's game by the Man's rules are on the outside now. For this week at least, another oppressed group in this country has discovered itself.

The week's experience will not change much in the establishment press as a whole, even though Walter Cronkite and Eric Severeid are telling America that the Democratic Convention is taking place in a police state and are comparing the situation in Chicago to that in Prague. The movement shouldn't expect to get fair coverage from the American press because of the conservative and hierarchical nature of the institution.

This week, however, newsmen, especially photographers and television cameraman couldn't

help but show how it is. Indeed, the whole world was watching what came down in Chicago in the parks and streets and, as news commentators told the public, the pictures speak for themselves.

For most newsmen the memory of the repression in Chicago may quickly wear off. But the feeling here is that some of them, not just those who were clubbed, will be reached on a gut level as the Man keeps coming down.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

DEAN JOHNSON: THE COPS DREW FIRST

by Handwriting on the Wall

LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO, Illinois, Aug. 25, (LNS) -- Dean Johnson was shot and killed by Chicago cops early Thursday morning. The headline was "BOY FIRED FIRST" but that's not the truth of the matter.

Even if Dean Johnson did have a gun, even if he did fire it before he was shot, the gun was pulled on Dean Johnson a long time ago. And Chicago cops have been drawing on us for a long time.

The facts are not just that this boy drew and fired, ran, stopped, and was then killed by cops John Manley and Fred Szwedo. The fact is that Dean Johnson was guilty, condemned and hunted before he even met the two "Youth Division" cops on North Avenue. This city was stacked against any other Dean Johnson, against those of us in Chicago.

He was an American Indian. That's not a good thing to be in America, especially in Chicago.

He was 17. That meant he was under Chicago's curfew persecution--just because he was 17.

He was in Old Town. Young people --especially from outside the city (he was from South Dakota) are drawn to this plastic bad dream of the West Village, and are picked off like flies by a saturation of undercover vice and youth division cops. Their one place to go is a fake, and they get busted for curfew, possession, disorderly, vagrancy, missing persons--anything.

Dean Johnson's killing was one of hundreds in this city -- thousands in our country. They are Indians, Whites, Puerto Ricans, Blacks.

Anybody who gets pushed around long enough to want to fight back can get to where Dean Johnson was at.

People say it was stupid for him to fire at the cop. Maybe it was stupid--but courageous. A lot of us aren't as stupid. We aren't as courageous either.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

#### HUGH HEFFNER THINKS YOUNG

by Mark Kramer

LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO, Illinois, Aug. 27 (LNS) --Playboy mogul Hugh Heffner got beat on last night, so he called a press conference to announce the fact. Max Lerner came along for the ride, and Jules Feiffer too.

It seems they heard there was some action, and not wanting to lose his position as leader of the new morality, Heffner ran out in front of the crowd. It's what's up front that has counted for Hugh. But the cops have been keeping up with their cliches too, so they pulled Heff's car over to the side of the road, and a band of unmarked pigs were so droll as to hold guns to the heads of Heffner & Co. Heffner was clubbed on the back, he said (on the ass, we heard.)

Needless to say, Heffner today expressed his sense of outrage. He said it wasn't so much the incident that bothered him, but what it showed. It came to him in a flash, it seems, that heretofore he has been a recluse, unaware where things are at. (If he ever finds out how right he is, he won't call in the press to announce it.) He said that by confronting the cops, he saw how uptight the establishment (the who, Hugh?) had become.

Max Lerner added new dimension to the gathering by expressing his wish to see "the nation absorb today's changes." Absorb? Mop up? Perhaps if he gets clobbered too he will come to realize that the movement will not allow itself to be absorbed, and that the country is unable to digest such bitter fare.

Skirting the issue of national indigestion, Heffner proclaimed that from now on he will do all he can to "heal the schisms" (make them

healthy schisms?) which he has now discovered.

Heff made a nice distinction. He says he experienced, "Law and Order with no sense of Justice or Democracy." He was flabbergasted that if he had spoken out, the cops would have smacked him on the head.

It just goes to show how far out of touch the privileged have to be--even the mock-hip privileged--in order to be what they are.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

#### RED FLAG ON CIVIL WAR GENERAL

by Victoria Smith

LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO, Ill. Aug. 26, (LNS) --A red flag flew briefly atop the statue of Civil War Gen. John Logan in Grant Park this afternoon.

Some 500 demonstrators had attempted to occupy the hill leading up to the statue during a march to the Conrad Hilton Hotel but the crowd fled as cops advanced on them with clubs.

The red flag was gone but an 18-year-old Alabama youth remained tenaciously astride the statue of the old general and his horse. It took six cops to bring him down and they fractured his arm in the process.

The boy was busted and it was at least 12 hours before he was treated for his injury.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

#### HUMPHREY DUMPTY

Liberation News Service

Exclusive Interview from the Rag

RAG: Hello deh

H.D.: Hi

RAG: I hear tell that you are a fascist, war mongering, capitalist pig.

H.D.: Oh

RAG: Do you support McCarthy for President?

H.D.: Joe got a bum rap last time, lets show him America has a great big heart.

RAG: What do you think of the use of Napalm in Viet Nam?

H.D.: Lyndon Johnson is a warm human being.

RAG: Do you expect any promotions?

H.D.: Yeah, I hear there's another opening with the world bank.

RAG: What do you think of Hippies?

H.D.: It seems to work.

-30-

by Miriam Bokser

Slipping by old town streets, into alleys  
holding back spurts of fear, thinking of  
                                screeching  
and going into the next thing instead

running from clubs, frightened of being  
                                trampled  
yet running in hordes screaming with fear

forgetting fear and substituting it with anger  
yelling "don't kill your brothers" at the  
                                guardsmen  
passing safely in jeeps scared of seeing  
                                me and us all

watching the face of young prelaw guardsmen  
                                holding  
rifles that don't fit into their hands

their glasses keep falling off. and staring at  
                                one  
guy, nodding slowly and his eyes fall and he nods

chicago is running and stopping and fear and  
                                exhilaration  
it's learning where to place your adrenalin

it's learning to choose the emphasis

it's learning there is a choice, after all even  
                                in fear

by Thorne Dreyer

But there were more than 43 uptight

cats at Fort Hood Saturday. The Big Wig Pigs were shitting in their pants, because it looked as though there might be a riot. Units scheduled to leave for Chicago were given extended leaves till Monday to keep them off the base.

Saturday night there were 20 armed guards protecting the ammunition dump. Sunday morning, there was a riot in the stockade, broken up with gas and riot sticks. Some of the MP's (white cats in fact) refused to join in putting down the rebellion. Reports are that some of those MP's are now in the stockade too. Guards have been patrolling the clink wearing gas masks.

Between 7500 and 10,000 GI's at Hood were put on alert for Chicago; about 3000 were sent. From Hood they were airlifted or bussed to Bergstrom Airforce Base in San Antonio. There they were herded into C-15 transport planes 100 strong, and told to "Go get 'em!"

Saturday morning 45 guys refused to go get anybody. We don't know what's been happening to them since. Sunday night 35 civilians and soldiers not going to Chicago demonstrated at Bergstrom. Last night the base was closed to the public.

We're not trying to say that every soldier that points a gun at us this week is on our side. But we won't right off treat those guys as the enemy, either. If they're not with us, they're almost certainly confused. They're young guys like us, the Army fucks them over, and they know it; they dig dope and our cultural scene, and they're getting more and more fed up with helping the pigs, the generals, and the cats with all the money, to protect their scene. Most of them haven't tied all those things together yet, haven't made the break like most of us have, but they're sure as shit ready to listen.

So we'll talk. There are many brothers among the enemy.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

## THEY KNOW THEIR ENEMY

by Harvey Stone

FORT HOOD, Texas, August 28 (LNS)-- While troops were being moved from Fort Hood to Chicago to suppress dissident elements at the Democratic Convention, local authorities were cracking down on the movement at Fort Hood. They chose a time when many civilian and military supporters were out of the state for the Convention protests.

For several months, Killeen police and army intelligence men have harrassed the Oleo Strut, the Summer of Support Coffee House in Killeen, and other gathering points for activists and hip soldiers. Until last Friday, they had taken no official action.

On Friday, Josh Gould, manager of Oleo Strut, was on his way to Chicago, with several others, to participate in the demonstration. The police stopped the car, on the pretext of Josh's having made an illegal right turn; they scanned the car, announced that Josh was under arrest for possession of marijuana. The police turned up two seeds and some particles.

Despite the small amount of grass discovered, it appears that Josh's arrest was the result of a police plot. Josh and other Strut employees were very conscious of the danger that the police would attempt to close the coffee house on drug charges. All possible precautions had been taken. It seems now that their fears were justified. For within the last several days, an injunction has been issued against the Strut.

This injunction, requiring approval by the Killeen City Council, is designed to shut the Strut down. Its justification is the Strut's supposed connection, direct or indirect, with the drug trade at Fort Hood. In fact, Judge Belton, before whom Josh appeared, declared as he set bail at \$50,000, "This will keep you from selling weed to the Army."

The political manipulations involved in Josh's arrest and fantastic bail are clear. Not only have they prevented him from going to Chicago, but they have also provided the

last link in their fabricated marijuana plot. At least implicitly, this plot involves the alleged supplying of marijuana to Fort Hood (nicknamed Fort Head); conservative estimates indicate that over 50% of the 30-40,000 troops there use marijuana or other drugs.

Texas newspapers have reinforced the supposed plot by linking Josh's arrest with the arrests of other individuals, whom they infer are part of a national marijuana ring dealing with Fort Hood. To date, 21 persons in Killeen have been arrested, although charges against 7 of these have been dropped. Of the remaining 14, 10 have been soldiers at the base. Federal officials in Waco said that 33 persons in the country have been arrested in connection with the case; conveniently enough, they have not revealed the names of the persons or any details of those arrests.

The Strut itself represents a political threat to the Army. It provides human contact, idealism, and as the name implies, a place to "come down" from the Army freak-out. The Army recognizes this threat. In fact, an official Army document, dated June 14 (before the Strut opened) and printed in the Rag, states: "Information has been received that establishments such as 'coffee houses' and 'reading rooms' will be started in the immediate vicinity of major military installations under the auspices of dissident groups and/or organizations. The purposes of the establishments is to attract military personnel for the purposes of indoctrinating them in dissident activities.

"It is further expected that such establishments may offer part-time employment opportunities to selected military personnel as a means of attracting additional military personnel and providing an opportunity for concentrated indoctrination of these individuals."

What will happen in the future is uncertain. Being sent to Chicago to fight fellow Americans has angered many soldiers; more and more have been willing to express their anger; The actions against the Strut and fellow GI's will only increase that anger. Thus, the Army may be in trouble at Fort Hood. The attempts

to suppress existing activity may intensify the unrest even further. Perhaps, and only perhaps, there will be a replay of the major riot which occurred here last October. The riot happened after soldiers received orders to go to Vietnam. In any case, it is clear that nationally, and especially locally, our "action Army" is acting.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

#### CHICAGO POLICE TEND TO BE CRAZY

NEW YORK, New York, (August 30 (LNS))-- A wire service story in the New York Post of August 30 reports that one out of every five applicants for the Chicago Police Department is crazy.

The article reports that a study by a team of psychiatrists and psychologists pointed out that an "excessive number" of police suffer from acute paranoia. "There is something about police power that attracts to its ranks a particular kind of person," said Dr. Arnold Abrams, a member of the team. "It gives them an umbrella to legitimize their mental pathology. They can live out, act out their problems and be rewarded for it. This becomes a way of reinforcing sadism or whatever is sick in the men."

Dr. Clifton Rhead, head of the study, said that the police candidates are "aggressive, tend to act on impulse, have a high index of suspicion, an unquestioning obedience to authority. A strong sense of what they believe to be right and wrong and a tendency to be self-justifying."

"They must have all of these qualities to be effective policemen," said Dr. Rhead. "Put this kind of person in the kind of situation that has prevailed in Chicago the last few nights and it is not at all surprising he reacts the way he does. I would suspect that every policeman thought that he was doing his

his duty."

The article states that neither Dr. Rhead nor Dr. Abrams placed the full blame on the individual policeman. "These things cannot happen without the approval of persons in authority." Dr. Abrams pointed out that the police were "conditioned by the 'shoot to kill' atmosphere" created by Mayor Daley.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*

This article is reprinted from the Guardian of New York, August 31, and distributed by Liberation News Service.

by Julius Lester

CHICAGO. They are constantly held up to ridicule and scorn; they are the subjects of cartoons, the butt of jokes, raw data for sociological analysis. With their long hair, it is occasionally difficult to distinguish male from female. Their clothes are dishevelled and, sometimes, dirty. Their talk is often extravagant, enthusiastic, and nonrational. They pay an allegiance to drugs and music that is only slightly less than that of a devout Catholic to the Pope. They are praised by no one except themselves and yet they persist in their own determination to define and determine their lives for themselves, despite the disapproval of society and the condemnation of their parents.

Yet, when one sees them strolling down Chicago's swank Michigan Ave. and gathering outside the Conrad Hilton hotel to protest at the arrival of Senator McCarthy, there is something very beautiful about them. When one sees them wandering in the midst of the red-white-and blue, hatted McCarthy-McGovern-Humphrey boys and girls, there is something beautiful and real about them.

It is difficult to believe what is called America until one looks at the faces of the delegates to the democratic convention. It is difficult to believe that faces such as these exist -- that, smooth, corn-fed fat faces which cannot imagine the world that exists beyond the fields and small town frontyards where corn-flakes grow. It is difficult to believe the thin, cosmetic-choked tight faces of the women, who gave birth to their children in screaming pain and then proceeded to revenge themselves upon their children. This is American and one cannot imagine the beauty of revolution dawning within these souls. These are faces for which law and order is synonymous with justice. These are faces which become red with pride at the sight of a flag. These are the faces which the young ones, the long-haired ones, grew up with,

looked into for the hope which is necessary to grow and decided, hell! no, We won't go the road you have gone.

They have repudiated the Americans who later this week will be screaming and cheering at the sight of balloons dropping from ceiling, who will be marching and yelling and waving placards, wearing ridiculous hats, and with great solemnity and a seriousness of purpose, nominating a man for president. They have repudiated the values their parents and their country have offered them, and they are the only examples of white humanity seen to date in this garrisoned city.

Smug, self-righteous new left ideologues limply put down the Yippies for being politically immature and irresponsible. Those of us who involve ourselves in more overt political action have no guarantee to the truth, but because we are trying to follow in the footsteps of Lenin and Marx and Fidel, we arrogantly think we do. This is America. Not Russia, China or Cuba, and in America, maybe, just maybe, the paths to revolution will be clothed not only in guerilla uniforms but beads and in incense.

Yippies will soon fade from the American cultural revolution, having done their job of politicizing thousands who could not be politicized through facts, figures, or theories. The American ideology of revolution is evolving, and the Yippie's contribution to that has not been small. It is the New Left ideologue who stands to lose by snobbishly ignoring the Yippies, not the reverse.

-30-

\*\*\*\*\*







